Supernatural; Balthazar + Bela; "Can you actually steal that?"

And the Ark of the Covenant. Happy now?"

"Hmm, nicely done." Balthazar examined the box, checking it out with more than just his human senses. "It's the real deal."

"I know it is. Anything else you want before I demand payment?" Bela crossed her arms, still annoyed from looking at too many shipping records and warehouse manifestos to count to find the damned box.

Balthazar grinned. "Just one more thing, darling."

"And it is?"

"Hang on a moment." He pulled out his long wish-list of artifacts and things he didn't own. A moment, and he stabbed at an item. "What about the angel Castiel's sword?"

Bela looked at him. "He's walking the earth, right?"

"Generally, yes. Looking for the things I collect. And don't worry, it's not worth much. Just a keepsake for me." He winked, and at Bela's nod he vanished.

A moment later, the Ark followed, and Bela sighed. She hated working for angels. Even if the pay was amazing.